

# The Lost Rebel

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Summary: Clary was lost from her family. Until she was found. With a battle looming ahead, will she be able to make it?

## 1. Chapter 1

I was at Java Jones with my best friend, Simon. We're drinking coffee, and mine is "as black as my soul". As I look out at the busy streets of Manhattan, I felt right at home. It didn't hurt that it was the beginning of summer break. That meant no school - or homework - for 3 months!

"So, what do you want to do?" Simon asked as we put the mugs on the counter. "How about we play videogames at home?" I suggest.

Now me and Simon are not related. We may both love wearing t-shirts and jeans, but you can tell by looking at us that we aren't related.

I mean, Simon was a brunette with hazel eyes and glasses, about 5'8". I'm only 5'5", with bright flame-colored hair and jade-green eyes. We both love to read and game, but I have an artistic talent. Also, our last names are different, his is Lewis and mine is Fairchild.

My tragic story is that my parents left me with a family friend, Tessa Gray, before I could remember. I guess it's sad, but I can't miss what I don't know, right? Wrong. I'd like to think that some day I'll see them, and we'll have a nice reunion, but that dream is now long gone. But Tessa let me keep the last name, just so that my family and I could be a little bit closer.

Anyway, me and Simon live in the same apartment complex, his just across the hall from mine. Simon lives with his mother and sister, Rebecca. They treated me like extended family once they realized that me and Simon would be best friends forever.

As me and Simon walked home through the busy streets of Manhattan, I couldn't help but think that soon, everything was going to go crazy.

## 2. Chapter 2

Today, me and Simon are back at Java Jones because we are regular customers. "So you want black coffee?" Simon asks, already knowing the answer. "Like my soul," I respond, laughing.

As he went to put in our coffee orders, I slide into a booth, setting my messenger bag down next to me. Inside was my phone, sketch pad, pencils, and pencil sharpener.

As I watched the people of Manhattan walk by, I saw a boy watching me. I could always infer things about people, it was a skill of mine. He seemed to be 17, with golden-blond hair and honey-brown eyes. He had to be the most gorgeous person I'd ever seen, and the way he stood told me that he knew it. But the world seemed to go on as if he wasn't there. And his eyes seemed to beckon me to him.

I felt drawn to him, and without thinking I had grabbed my bag and out the door. I heard Simon call out, but I ignored my best friend.

When I got outside, I saw Goldielocks, as I decided to call him, round a corner. When I followed him around, I felt a burning sensation on my arm almost as if I was being drawn on with something warm.

As I slumped to the ground, I heard Simon shout my name and my captor swear.

Then, I blacked out.

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file.